Mode of Indian Burial

him constructed of poles. Into this enclosure is placed his 764
personal effects—his saddle and bridle, his tomahawk, scalping knife, bow and arrows and lance, all the inanimate property he possesses. The enclosure is then roofed with bark and covered with earth. This part of the burial ceremony concluded, all his horses and mules, even if he was the owner of a hundred, are brought to the grave and killed. When a squaw dies, her property, also—her calico gown, cooking kettle, tools for dressing skins—are buried with her, and the horse upon which she was accustomed to ride slain in the same manner.

They are buried with their heads to the west, because 764
they believe at the resurrection, of which they have vague 775
and indefinite notions, they will arise and march eastward, again to take possession of all the country from which the accursed white man has driven them and their fathers. They bury their property with them and kill their horses because they suppose their souls will have need of them in the other world.

Among them are prophets, corresponding with our di- 793●
vines, who maintain with exceeding strictness their sacer- 781
dotal dignity. The prophet addresses them on various occasions, such as the green corn dance, and the festival of the roasted dog, but especially in the time of the new moon. At all times they listen to him with the most profound reverence, their heads hanging down, and not a murmur of sound among them from the commencement of his exhortation to its close; but in the season of the new moon, they fall on their faces to the earth before him, and there remain still and motionless until the sound of his voice has ceased.

They believe in God, a great spirit, who created and gov- 775
erns the earth, sun, moon, and stars. They have an unwaver-

over her shoulders in luxuriant profusion, halfway to the ground, and around her forehead was a tin band, scalloped on the upper edge, after the fashion of a crown.

Kianceta was indeed comely to look upon, but her soul was far more lovely than her form. Though an untutored woman of the prairie—one of a low and ignorant class—I have reason to remember her with respect and gratitude. She sympathized with the poor captive when others laughed at his calamities—sat down by his side, and looked up sorrowfully into his face, when the young savages in the village beat him with stones and sticks until he sought shelter in the tent. An hundred times she stood between him and those who threatened harm—gave him corn when others had it not—attended him when sick—casting red-hot stones into a trough of water to make him a steam bath, and wrapping him in thick buffalo skins until his cold was broken up and his health restored.

Next morning the tribe was assembled, and Che-ra-se-chick-a-lo, the prophet, made a speech. He was not as earnest and impressive as Karolo—palpably inferior in every respect—nevertheless, he was listened to with the most profound attention. At the conclusion of his exhortation, they indulged in a long and jolly feast, when Moko and the three other wives of Big Wolf came and kissed me again and again, and then bestriding their mules, rode away towards their own valley of Mannasaw, weeping as they went.

My time was now passed either in attending upon the Spotted Leopard, or sauntering idly through the village, continually thinking of escape. This subject was never out of my mind. By observing the rising and setting sun, I could tell the points of compass, and recalling, as far as possible, the direction of the different routes I had taken

21: Burnet T 5 (1818-1819) 1954 NO6 Comanche 106
Texas

[ca. 1818]

175 which has never been shadowed to their minds, except by
771 the faint and flickering light of nature. The beams of divine revelation have never penetrated the dismal mists that constitute their moral atmosphere. They nevertheless be-
175 lieve in a final accountability, in which they plainly, but
771 perhaps unconsciously, indicate a sentiment of the omnis-
775 cience and ubiquity of the Great Judge of Heaven and Earth. By an obvious and natural impulse of unenlightened reason, which is most apt to prefigure the joys and sorrows of a future state, by the experience of the past and present, they suppose that when a good man dies, he goes to a fertile and salubrious country where the Buffaloes, which furnish their principal and favorite aliment, and every desirable species of game are abundant, and where they will enjoy the charms of the chase, with a more exquisite zest, without interruption and without satiety. The reverse of this destiny is assigned to the wicked, who they imagine will be driven away, to linger out a miserable existence, among rugged and sterile hills that are infested with all manner of noxious animals, and where the Buffaloes, Deer and Bears are scarce, and
175 meagre and unsavory to the palate. Goodness, however, in
577 their system of ethics, is a qualified term that has reference to acts of public benefit and renown, such as taking of scalps, expert and successful hunting, and dexterity in stealing from their enemies, rather than to the gentler virtues, that adorn and humanize and purify the heart.

175 They believe in polytheism and in both good and evil
771 spirits of either sex, but claim supremacy to the one Great
776 Being, whom they represent as a Big Man, that can never die, and who is the peculiar original parent of the Co-
[186] manchee race. The origin of other nations they assign to other subordinate Deities, and as their father is the Greatest God in Heaven, so they think themselves the greatest nation
175 on earth. They attribute an inferior modicum of divinity
77 to the sun, and suppose all febrile diseases to emanate from
[82] the displeasure of that magnificent candle of nature. They
753 have no order of priesthood, but are not altogether exempt
793 from the juggles of priestcraft. They have no symbols of true faith, neither do they know any distinction of days or
[796] seasons.

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

One afternoon in the late 1930s I drove into the little town of Faxon on business for a client. When I got out of the car, I was face to face with Charley Ross. It had been long since I had talked with him, and my happiness at meeting him appeared to be matched by his at seeing me. For a Plains Indian he was truly an old man—somewhere in his seventies. We sat down on the running board of the car, and dusk found us still sitting there. I had forgotten I had a client, and Charley had forgotten that the daughter with whom he lived would be worried about his being out in the raw, chilly evening air.

I had it in mind to ask him many questions about himself, other questions about old Comanche friends of whom I had lost track, and yet other questions about Comanches in general. But he too had questions, and insistent ones. He knew I had become a lawyer, of course, but mostly he wanted to know about my children—for what place in life they had fitted themselves.

When he learned that my oldest son was already a lawyer and the younger son was preparing for law school, he grinned with pleasure. My father was the first magistrate appointed after the opening, and his jurisdiction had stretched for twenty or more miles in any direction. To Charley that meant Dad had been learned in the law. Then I had followed in the law profession, and now two sons were following me. To Charley, this progression was wonderful.

He was equally pleased to match up my daughters with his. My oldest was on the faculty of a small college, and the younger was teaching in a high school. Both his daughters were teachers and had married teachers.

Another Carlisle product who launched himself into the white man's life stream and kept himself afloat was one of Quanah Parker's sons. But then, he had a motive. He was in love.

Chief Quanah Parker's house was about three miles from the little town of Cache, Oklahoma. Some Texas cattlemen had settled him in a kind of apartment house just south of the Wichita Mountains, where West Cache Creek breaks out into the prairie. He was recognized by the government as chief of the Comanches. Like all the older Indians married to more than one wife, he had been allowed to keep his four or five remaining wives. One son was a Methodist minister, one daughter was married to a minister, and two other daughters married well-to-do white men.

The father of the Carlisle son's sweetheart had been a missionary